

The Western Purse and the Broadway Theatres.

Won't some of the western men who have made plenty of money in mining and other things please come to New York and spend some of it? They may feel assured that they will not be treated with the disrespect that has marked some of their other visits. New York has come to like the westerner as much as Continental Europe likes the American, for he spends his money freely and when he is absent he is sadly missed.

Fact is there are several industries that are pining now for want of western money—particularly the theatrical industry. Conditions among the player folk are not half so good as they were last season. Then everybody made money. John W. Gates came east with his millions to show Wall street a few things, and in his train came the "western crowd," who made money in "the street," kept the corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria buzzing with their plans, poured their wealth in to the restaurants, the theatres and the opera house and made everything hum.

It is different this year. Failure after failure has been recorded in the Broadway play houses, the opera is in for a long season with a lack of support that is alarming the directors, and player folk and musicians are telling one another on the Rialto that this is the worst season in ten years. Some of the wiser ones have guessed one reason for this condition, and that is that the "western crowd" has gone back. Many went back a great deal wiser and a great deal sadder and suspicious bulgings in the pocketbooks of John D. Rockefeller and J. Pierpont Morgan will explain the state of their feelings.

It is sad to see the wrecks that the season has strewn along the dramatic way. Little Minnie Dupree essayed to make a star of herself in "A Rose O' Plymouth Town," and ended her engagement abruptly and went back to leading lady again. Mrs. LeMoyne came in to make a success that should place her permanently among the stars in "Among Those Present," and almost starved to death. Alice Fischer twinkled for a month or so in "Mrs. Jack," but took it off somewhere up in the woods. Eleanor Robson was to have been made a star in "Audrey," but one night settled that plan and her attempt was reserved for another year. Now Elizabeth Tyree has come in and fates have not been much kinder to her with her "Gretna Green."

As for the foreigners who have come over—there have been few good memories to take back. Mrs. Campbell made a brave attempt to repeat her success, but played week after week to heart-breaking houses in her series of productions, losing a goodly fortune. Martin Harvey, eulogized as one of the best of the younger English actors, went from failure to failure. Weedon Grossmith did fairly well, but has been compelled to abandon his tour. Mrs. Langtry, even with the glamour of her friendship with the king of England, has been unable to draw enough to show on the profit side of the ledger. Signor Mascagni went to pitiable failure. Signora Duse was perhaps the only one of the visitors who made a success, and it is not certain that her managers feel too well repaid for all the money they spent and the trouble they had.

Children's plays are the very latest things in the theatrical line. It looked for a time as though there was to be a rage over Japanese productions, because of the success of David Belasco with "The Darling of the Gods," but somehow plans for productions of this kind have not been carried out. The first of the children's plays came to an untimely end. Klaw & Erlanger expected a great deal out of the dramatization of "Huckleberry Finn," but it had to close its season abruptly before it came to New York. The funny thing about

that production was that the captivating story told by Mark Twain was turned into musical comedy. They tell the story along the Rialto that while Mark Twain was blazoned as one of the dramatists the only line he really wrote was cut out in order to make way for a song.

However, the second of the children's plays has been a success. It is Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Little Princes." This has been playing at the Criterion theatres in the afternoon during the engagement of Julia Marlowe. Women and children have crowded the house as they did in the days when "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was the fad, and there are a lot of grown-up persons who have begun to attend these performances to renew their memories of better days.

David Belasco, who was the first to suggest the idea, will be the last to get in the field. He is preparing a production of "The Five Little Pilgrims." He is keeping his plans secret, so nobody can tell exactly what he intends to do. This western manager just now, however, is regarded as the greatest producer in New York, and there is not much doubt that he will serve a palatable dish in this new venture.

E. J. Y.

Junction Politics.

It looks as if the council was about through playing horse with the Bell Telephone company, and the franchise as asked for is an imminent probability. A resume of the telephone situation shows that the council has been friendly to the Bell people all along, but they went out gunning for concessions and they got them. Under the new terms of the franchise the city gets a dozen or two tree phones and a cool thousand a year. All the company gets is an extension of thirty years at the present rates, with the assurance that no other company gets any better terms. Of course the council could not get along without the Bell company for a minute as everybody knew, but the wise fathers were looking out for the interests of the city and they succeeded in persuading the company to do the right thing. Which is as it should be.

It is remarkable with what unanimity the politicians are hoping that the hallowed hoodoo which has been hanging around Arthur Booster Hayes will be broken by the gratification of his present ambition for a political office. There are a multitude of reasons for this hope. In the first place the patriotic colonel deserves something. See Kearns. Next, he will make room for some other good soldier of fortune—say Murphy. Again, Hayes has some friends who wish him such good luck that they would like to see him sent to the Cannibal Islands or some other equally distant clime, where there is no return coupon. Reasons enough. It is up to the president to oblige his Ogden friends by taking care of Hayes. A consummation devoutly to be wished. It is up to Hayes to appreciate the efforts that they are making to clutch his chances. Will he show it? You bet!

In order that this paragraph of good English shall not be read and misunderstood, it is up to The Weekly to say that Hayes tipped it off to the Associated Press that he had a true dream in which he saw himself in Vandeventer's shoes as assistant attorney to the Interior department, Washington, D. C. Salary, \$4,000.00 per. The dream came as the sequel to the many assurances he has recently received from Kearns, Beveridge, Heath, et al., in which he has been told that the president had picked him from among hundreds of applicants as the prize baby. So far, so good. But what does Matt Quay say? Is it safe for Hayes to dream without consulting Matt.

The county commissioners have at last adopted the idea of Jacksonian simplicity in distribut-

ing the spoils. The evolution comes as the result of Billy Wilson's (four-year term) heroic determination to reward the deserving and punish the bolters. Some time ago one of the good citizens of Pleasant View was appointed road supervisor. A week later the Republican boss from that district appeared before the board and registered a big kick. The appointee, he said, had scratched part of the ticket including Wilson. Up came Billy's Scotch. "Wha onn," he brogued, "Sha the mon wha buckit the Heighlantmorn fra the canon be paid for compounding the crime?" The question was answered on the instant. The supervisor was fired and a "mon wha voted for Weelson" was given the place.

A TOAST.

The day is empty and cold and white,
But warm and sweet is the kiss of night.

Day is for toil and the hours long
Day is for worry and drudgery,
But night is for women and wine and song,
Take you your day, but the night for me.

Day is for struggle and bitter strife,
Days are what shorten your precious years;
But night is elixir and hope and life,
Soothe of heartaches and balm for tears.

Day is for woe and trouble at best,
So drink, drink deep to the shadow sprite,
Drink to long life and content and rest,
Here is my toast, and I drink to Night.

T. G.

LESSON No. 1.

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